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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 5V

"Logopolis"

by

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TRANSMISSION:

DOCTOR WHO: "LOGOPOLIS" EPISODE FOUR

CAST:

DOCTOR  
ADRIC  
TEGAN  
NYSSA

THE MONITOR  
THE MASTER  
A PHAROS SECURITY MAN

N/S

THE WATCHER  
A PHAROS TECHNICIAN  
3 PHAROS WORKMEN  
PHAROS SECURITY MAN

FILM:

Ext. The Pharos Enclosure.  
Ext. The Pharos Antenna Parapet.

STUDIO:

LOGOPOLIS: LANDING AREA  
LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET ( x 3, AND WRECKED)  
LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL REGISTER  
TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM  
TARDIS CLOISTERS  
THE PHAROS COMPUTER ROOM (THE CENTRAL REGISTER REDRESSED)  
A PHAROS CORRIDOR (AN EXTERNAL REGISTER REDRESSED)  
THE PHAROS ANTENNA CONTROL ROOM

MODEL SHOTS

Logopolis with antenna  
ditto redressed as the Pharos Project with antenna.



TELECINE 35mm

Suppose Cam

Opening  
Titles

END TELECINE 35mm

1. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: THE LANDING  
AREA. DAY.

(REPRISE THEN)

(THE DOCTOR AND THE  
MASTER ARE SHAKING  
HANDS.)

NYSSA TURNS TO SEE:

THE TARDIS MATERIALISING  
IN THE DISTANCE)

NYSSA: Look -- the Tardis!

TEGAN: It's followed us.

ADRIC: But how can it do that  
-- with no-one in it?

DOCTOR: Did I say there was  
no-one in it?

NYSSA: It must be him. The man  
who brought me to Logopolis.

DOCTOR: Now... I want no arguments from any of you. One, two, three of you into the Tardis at once.

ADRIC: But we want to stay with you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Impossible. I'm collaborating with the Master -- and that makes me a highly unsuitable person to have around. My friend will take care of you.

(NYSSA, ADRIC AND TEGAN  
WAVER)

DOCTOR: (ASIDE; TO ADRIC)  
Battlestations.

(ADRIC TAKES THE GIRLS'  
ARMS)

ADRIC: Come on. He means it.

(THE THREE OF THEM MOVE  
OFF TOWARDS THE TARDIS.

IN THE BACKGROUND OF WHAT  
FOLLOWS WE WILL SEE THEM  
GO INTO THE TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR TURNS TO SPEAK  
TO THE MONITOR)

DOCTOR: Monitor, we need to know... He's gone.

MASTER: Fool! Deserted us.  
Doesn't he realise he has no chance  
of survival without our help!

DOCTOR: I don't think he's done that. What was the last thing he said?

MASTER: We can't remember every trifle, Doctor. We're Time Lords.

DOCTOR: Who in our various ways have let our minds go, Master. We need every last ounce of our combined talents.

MASTER: He mentioned entropy.

DOCTOR: Yes, that's it. Waste! "What a waste of the Research Team's efforts."

MASTER: If he's trying to salvage the Research Team's work he must have gone back to the Central Register.

DOCTOR: If there's anything left of it.

MASTER: There may be. It's the latest addition to Logopolis -- it might be the last to go.

DOCTOR: I hope you're right. Because we need his knowledge... But we'd better hurry.

(WITH SCARCELY MORE THAN  
A GLIMPSE BACK AT THE  
TARDIS, THE DOCTOR  
FOLLOWS THE MASTER  
QUICKLY OFF TOWARDS THE  
CENTRAL REGISTER.)



THE TARDIS DOOR SUDDENLY  
OPENS AND TEGAN BACKS  
OUT, HER FLIGHT BAG OVER  
HER SHOULDER.

ADRIC APPEARS IN THE  
DOORWAY)

ADRIC: None of us want to leave  
the Doctor. But it's best to do  
what he says.

TEGAN: Best for him, maybe.  
It's not personal devotion, I can  
tell you that. But he's guaranteed  
to get me back to London Airport.  
I'm going to stick with him to make  
sure he keeps his word.

ADRIC: Tegan!

(THE LIGHT ON TOP OF THE  
TARDIS HAS STARTED TO  
WINK)

TEGAN: You stay with Nyssa.

(TEGAN PUSHES THE DOOR TO  
ON ADRIC'S PROTESTATIONS,  
AND THE TARDIS  
DEMATERIALISES.

TEGAN LOOKS AROUND THE  
EMPTY HORIZON, THEN  
BEGINS THE TREK TOWARDS  
THE CITY)

2. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.  
DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND THE  
MASTER PICK THEIR WAY  
CAREFULLY THROUGH THE  
DEBRIS.

OCCASIONAL SMALL  
LANDSLIDES INTERRUPT  
THEIR JOURNEY)

DOCTOR: None of this is going to  
hold much longer.

MASTER: And even now the rot is  
spreading outwards through the  
universe from this point. The  
Second Law of Thermodynamics  
unleashed after aeons of  
constraint.

DOCTOR: I suggest we collect the  
Monitor, then get out.

MASTER: How? In my Tardis?

DOCTOR: There's no other way?

MASTER: You're presuming a lot,  
Doctor.

DOCTOR: Aren't I? And on so  
short a friendship.

3. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: ANOTHER STREET.  
DAY.

(TEGAN IS TRYING TO FIND  
HER WAY BACK TO THE  
DOCTOR THROUGH THE RUINED  
CITY.

BUT SHE SEEMS LOST)

TEGAN: Doctor? Doctor?  
Anybody?

(SHE STOPS AND LOOKS  
ROUND)

TEGAN: It was never like this  
on the course.



4. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL REGISTER. DAY.

(THE ROOM IS  
RECOGNISABLE, THOUGH  
PORTIONS OF THE WALLS  
HAVE CRUMBLED AWAY TO  
SHOW PATCHES OF  
OPALESCENT LOGOPOLITAN  
SKY.

THE MONITOR SITS IN FRONT  
OF THE COMPUTER CONSOLE,  
DISK DRIVES HUMMING NEAR  
HIM, SURROUNDED BY SHEETS  
OF PRINTOUT.

THE DOCTOR AND THE MASTER  
ARRIVE IN THE MAIN  
ENTRANCE)

DOCTOR: Monitor! The stability  
is now critical. You must come  
with us.

MONITOR: For precisely that  
reason I must stay here, Doctor.

MASTER: What is this? I thought  
Logopolitan maths wouldn't run on a  
computer.

MONITOR: We were developing this  
is the program to take the burden  
from our own shoulders. A series  
of Data statements to keep the  
Charged Vacuum Emboitements open of  
their own accord.

DOCTOR: The Advanced Research Project?

MONITOR: The computer holds a complete Log of that research.

MASTER: Then the answer's here!

MONITOR: Unfortunately the research itself is far from complete.

DOCTOR: But you were on the right track? Monitor, you're going to have to tell us all about your project in detail.

MONITOR: There is nothing to tell. (INDICATING THE PRINTOUT)  
It is all here, for you to read.

(THE MASTER AND THE  
DOCTOR PICK UP HANDFULS  
OF THE PRINTOUT AND STUDY  
IT)

MONITOR: You'll find it well annotated. I must continue with my work. There's so much to do.

5. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.  
DAY.

(TEGAN BRAVELY STUMBLES  
ON THROUGH THE RUBBLE)

TEGAN: And somebody's  
definitely going to have to pay for  
a new pair of shoes. (AS AN  
AFTERTHOUGHT) But the next time  
the Doctor says stay in the Tardis  
-- I might do just that!



6. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL  
REGISTER. DAY.

(THE MASTER AND THE  
DOCTOR ARE POURING OVER  
THE PRINTOUT.

THE MASTER PEEKS OVER THE  
MONITOR'S SHOULDER)

MASTER: (ASIDE TO THE DOCTOR)  
The impractical fool. What does he  
hope to achieve with this?

DOCTOR: He feels he's being  
useful.

MASTER: Keying this program into  
the computer? This is loose,  
speculative, useless. It isn't  
even finished!

DOCTOR: Neither was that  
symphony of Schubert's. But it  
still commands a certain  
following.

MASTER: A trivial work.

DOCTOR: You can say that? With  
that Finale! (THE DOCTOR HUMS A  
SAMPLE)

MASTER: We won't quarrel over  
it, Doctor. We have our own Finale  
to worry about.

(A CREAKING SOUND FILLS  
THE AIR.

THE DOCTOR SURVEYS THE  
ROOM WARILY)

DOCTOR: Imminently. The local  
structure won't hold up much  
longer.

MASTER: We must vacate.

DOCTOR: Where would you  
suggest?

MASTER: As far away from this  
point as possible.

DOCTOR: That won't be an escape.  
The collapse will spread out like  
ripples in a pool throughout the  
whole of space-time. What we have  
to do is...

MASTER: Well, Doctor?

DOCTOR: ...a positive response.  
Something definite, resourceful.  
Entropy works by rusting the  
resolve quite as much as by  
crushing cities into sand dunes.

MASTER: You have a concrete idea  
behind all that poetry, Doctor?

DOCTOR: (AFTER A FRACTIONAL  
PAUSE) No... no, nothing  
definite.

12 (ep.4)

MASTER: My dear Doctor. You're a poor scientist. It's easy to see why you make so many mistakes.

DOCTOR: And why you make so few friends.

MONITOR: (RISING FROM THE CONSOLE) I have done what I can in the time. A desperate last effort. It only remains to align the antenna and beam the program out to space.

(THE DOCTOR STUDIES THE PRINTOUT)

DOCTOR: With all these levels of recursion its hard to say what the result will be.

(TEGAN STUMBLES IN)

TEGAN: So you're all still here, anyway.

DOCTOR: Tegan! I told you to get out of here.

TEGAN: No thanks, Doctor. I'm staying with you. You're the only insurance policy I've got.

(THE STRUCTURE OF THE BUILDING CREAKS AGAIN.

MASTER LOOKS FROM THE MONITOR TO THE DOCTOR, THEN BACK AGAIN)



DOCTOR: Safe as houses, eh?

MASTER: It's time we all got out of here.

MONITOR: No! I must align the antenna. There is a CVE close by we might be able to reopen.

(THE MONITOR MOVES  
TOWARDS THE EXIT TO THE  
FIRST EXTERNAL REGISTRY)

MASTER: (ASIDE; TO THE DOCTOR)  
He can do as he pleases -- he's harmless. But you and I, Doctor... we must form a plan. I propose... One: withdrawal to a position of temporary security. Two: reconfiguration of our two Tardisses into Time Cone Inverters. Three: creating a stable safe zone by applying temporal inversion isometry to as much of space-time as we can isolate...

TEGAN: Look...!

(THE DOCTOR AND THE  
MASTER TURN TO LOOK IN  
THE DIRECTION TEGAN IS  
POINTING.

ON HIS WAY TO THE DOOR  
THAT OPENS INTO THE FIRST  
EXTERNAL REGISTER THE  
MONITOR HAS BEEN HALTED  
IN HIS TRACKS.

A SECTION OF WALL HAS

VANISHED -- AND WITH IT A  
PORTION OF THE MONITOR  
HIMSELF.

WHAT REMAINS OF HIM  
STANDS LIKE A CARDBOARD  
CUT-OUT.

SLOWLY THE FLAT  
PROJECTION FALLS TO THE  
GROUND AND BREAKS UP INTO  
PIECES LIKE A JIGSAW  
PUZZLE.

THE MASTER STARES AT THE  
PIECES AGHAST)

MASTER: Horrible, horrible...

TEGAN: Hardly more horrible  
than turning people into shrunken  
dolls.

MASTER: (BACKING AWAY FROM THE  
SIGHT) No! Anything but that. Do  
what you like, Doctor. Logopolis  
is yours.

(AND THE MASTER RUNS FOR  
THE DOOR)

TEGAN: Doctor! Stop him!

(THE DOCTOR STANDS ROOTED  
TO THE GROUND)

TEGAN: He's getting away.

DOCTOR: Which means we can't --  
as he's got the only Tardis left on  
Logopolis.

TEGAN: Then we've got to get after him.

(THE DOCTOR IS THINKING)

TEGAN: Come on, Doctor. Let's go.

DOCTOR: (PENSIVELY ECHOING THE MASTER'S PROPOSAL) Reconfigure the two Tardisses into Time Cone Inverters. Yes, it would have worked -- for at least part of the universe. What a waste of a brilliant mind.

(THE STRUCTURE CREAKS AGAIN)

TEGAN: And a waste of two more brilliant minds if we don't do something soon.

DOCTOR: You're right. The Monitor's program. There's a slight chance...

(THE FLOOR LURCHES, AND THE COMPUTER CONSOLE CRACKS IN TWO)

DOCTOR: Correction -- there was a slight chance.

TEGAN: Come on, Doctor. We've got to stop the Master from taking off.



DOCTOR: Why? There's no point without a positive approach to take with us. The solution is here... somehow... Or somewhere very like this. I had a strange feeling we were very close -- before this!

(HE TAPS THE COMPUTER EMPHATICALLY. MORE OF IT CRUMBLES AWAY)

DOCTOR: (AS IF TO THE COMPUTER) I sympathise. I've never felt so close to dissolution before.

TEGAN: Dissolution? You mean, this really is the end? It can't be.

(THE REMARK GALVANISES THE DOCTOR INTO ACTION)

DOCTOR: Of course it can't. There must be something we can do. Some desperate, remote chance. Remote! Somewhere very like this...! Of course! The core memory...

(HE TURNS ON WHAT REMAINS OF THE COMPUTER AND, AS IF RELEASING HIS PENT UP FRUSTRATION, BEGINS TO TEAR IT TO PIECES WITH HIS HANDS)

TEGAN: Doctor! For goodness sake, what are you doing?

DOCTOR: An experiment in  
optimism. Come on, you can help.  
I want this thing in pieces.

(UTTERLY BAFFLED, TEGAN  
JOINS HIM AND WADES INTO  
THE MACHINE)

7. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.  
DAY.

(THE MASTER STUMBLES  
THROUGH THE RUINED STREET  
SEARCHING FOR THE CAVE  
THAT HOUSES HIS TARDIS.

HE FINDS IT: THE FAT,  
YELLOWING, FLUTED  
CORINTHIAN COLUMN IS  
SUPPORTING THE SAGGING  
ROOF.

HE APPROACHES IT AND WE  
SEE HIM TUGGING AT A DOOR  
OUT OF VIEW WHICH  
RESOLUTELY REFUSES TO  
OPEN FOR HIM.

THE MASTER PULLS  
VIOLENTLY; THE PILLAR  
FALLS, BRINGING DOWN PART  
OF THE ROOF)



8. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL REGISTER. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR HAS  
DISEMBOWELLED THE  
COMPUTER, REVEALING:

A LONG MOTHERBOARD  
HOLDING AN ARRAY OF  
PRINTED CIRCUIT BOARDS.

DELICATELY THE DOCTOR  
REMOVES ONE AND INSPECTS  
IT CAREFULLY)

DOCTOR: As I thought... Bubble  
memory. (HE TURNS TO TEGAN, JOY  
RADIANT ON HIS FACE) Bubble  
memory... You realise what this  
means...

TEGAN: No, as a matter of fact  
I don't, Doctor.

(THE DOCTOR BEGINS TO  
REMOVE THE BOARDS  
CAREFULLY AND STACK THEM  
UP IN TEGAN'S ARMS)

DOCTOR: Bubble memory is  
non-volatile. Remove the power --  
and the bit-patterns are still  
retained in tiny magnetic domains  
in these chips. The Research  
Team's last program is still here,  
in these boards.

TEGAN: Which would be great if  
we had a computer to run it on.

DOCTOR: I've an idea where we  
can find just the right hardware.  
All we've got to do now is get back  
to Earth.

9. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.  
DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN  
APPEAR ON THE STEPS OF  
THE CENTRAL REGISTER.

TEGAN IS CARRYING THE  
BOARDS IN HER ARMS)

DOCTOR: (CALLING) Master!  
Wait! There may be one last  
chance. Master!



10. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: ANOTHER STREET.  
DAY.

(WE PAN THE RUINS OF THE  
EMPTY STREET AND CLOSE ON  
THE RUINED CAVE WHERE WE  
LAST SAW THE MASTER)

DOCTOR: (DISTANT; OUT OF VIEW)  
Master! This could be the  
solution.

TEGAN: (SIMILARLY) Don't take  
off. Please... wait for us.

(WE LIGHT UPON THE  
MASTER.

HE IS PINNED BENEATH HIS  
TARDIS.

HE PAUSES IN HIS  
STRUGGLES TO LISTEN TO  
THE DISTANCE VOICES)

11. INT. THE TARDIS CORRIDOR. NO  
TIME.

(ADRIC AND NYSSA ARE IN  
PEEPING IN THROUGH THE  
DOOR TO THE CONSOLE  
ROOM)

ADRIC: When we were on Earth he  
seemed to be everywhere. I thought  
he was the Master, following us.  
But it's as if he was watching over  
us.

NYSSA: When he fetched me from  
Traken he didn't say anything, just  
beckoned. But I wasn't afraid of  
him.

ADRIC: I'm not afraid. But I  
wish I knew who he was.

NYSSA: What's he doing now?

ADRIC: He's switched off the  
viewer. The Watcher has stopped  
watching.

NYSSA: If only that solved the  
problem. At least we should be  
allowed to see what's happening.

(ADRIC CLOSES THE DOOR)

ADRIC: It doesn't help, if there's nothing we can do about it. The spread of entropy seems to be unstoppable.

NYSSA: It's washing out from the direction of Logopolis like a tidal wave.

ADRIC: And the Doctor's in the middle of it!

12. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.  
DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN ARE  
PRISING THE MASTER FROM  
UNDER HIS TARDIS)

DOCTOR: . Nothing like physical  
labour to relieve the intellectual  
strain. Heave!

(TEGAN AND THE DOCTOR  
PULL HARD, AND THE MASTER  
IS ABLE TO WRIGGLE FROM  
UNDER THE PILLAR)

MASTER: I'm grateful.

DOCTOR: Good. Because now it's  
your turn to help us. Show us into  
this vehicle of yours. One good  
lift deserves another, don't you  
think?



13. INT. THE TARDIS CORRIDOR. NO  
TIME.

(ADRIC AND NYSSA SITTING  
SIDE BY SIDE ON THE  
FLOOR)

NYSSA: So as long as we hover  
outside space and time we'll be  
safe.

ADRIC: Safe, yes.

NYSSA: I'd rather be with the  
Doctor.

ADRIC: Yes. But... The  
Watcher seems very like the  
Doctor.

NYSSA: In many ways. But so  
solemn, as if he carried all the  
troubles of the world on his  
shoulders.

ADRIC: That's exactly what the  
Doctor is doing. And we're ...  
Isn't "safe" a terrible word.

NYSSA: Horrible.

ADRIC: (GETTING UP) As the  
Watcher won't let us in the Console  
Room I'd better show you round the  
rest of the Tardis.

14. INT. THE PHAROS COMPUTER ROOM.  
NIGHT.

(THE ORIGINAL ROOM OF WHICH THE CENTRAL LOGIC ROOM ON LOGOPOLIS IS A COPY, ALTHOUGH WE MAY NOT REALISE THIS AT FIRST, BECAUSE THE PLACE IS IN DARKNESS, THE ONLY ILLUMINATION COMING FROM A POOL OF LIGHT OVER THE COMPUTER CONSOLE.

A WHITE-COATED TECHNICIAN, HIS EYES PROTECTED BY A GREEN EYESHADE, IS WORKING AT THE CONSOLE. HE IS WEARING A PAIR OF LIGHTWEIGHT HEADPHONES CONNECTED TO A POCKET-SIZED CASSETTE RECORDER; EMANATING FROM THEM WE HEAR THE ATTENUATED STRAINS OF TCHAIKOVSKY'S "NUTCRACKER SUITE". THE MUSIC IS ACCOMPANIED BY THE CLACKING OF HIS KEYBOARD AND THE HUM OF THE DISK DRIVES.

WITHOUT TAKING HIS EYES OFF THE SCREEN HE REACHES OUT FOR A PAPER CUP OF COFFEE WHICH STANDS SOMEWHAT INCONGRUOUSLY IN FRONT OF THE SWITCHES AND LED INDICATORS OF THE CONSOLE.

THE MOMENT HE PICKS UP

THE PAPER CUP HE REALISES  
IT IS EMPTY.

HE GETS UP, STOWING THE  
CASSETTE RECORDER INTO A  
CONVENIENT POCKET WITHOUT  
INTERRUPTING THE MUSIC,  
AND, CRUSHING THE CUP AND  
LOBBING IT EXPERTLY INTO  
A WASTEPAPER BASKET,  
CROSSES TO THE DOOR.

AS WE FOLLOW HIM THE  
SIMILARITY OF THE ROOM TO  
THE LOGOPOLIS CENTRAL  
REGISTRY BECOMES  
RECOGNISEABLE.

NO SOONER HAS HE LEFT THE  
ROOM THAN:

THE MASTER'S TARDIS  
MATERIALISES IN A SHADOWY  
CORNER)

MASTER: (VOICE OVER) The Pharos  
Computer room.

DOCTOR: (VOICE OVER) Spot on.  
I envy you your Tardis, Master.

MASTER: (VOICE OVER) Excellent,  
Doctor. You're improving. Envy is  
the beginning of all true  
greatness.

15. INT. A PHAROS CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(A WIDE CORRIDOR  
MEMORABLY SIMILAR TO THE  
EXTERNAL REGISTERS ON  
LOGOPOLIS.

THE TECHNICIAN IS  
SLAMMING A COIN INTO A  
COFFEE MACHINE. WITH OUR  
KNOWLEDGE OF THE IMMINENT  
DISSOLUTION OF THE  
UNIVERSE, THE HOMELY  
ACTION, ORCHESTRATED BY  
TCHAIKOVSKY, IS A  
POIGNANT REMINDER OF ALL  
WE ARE ABOUT TO LOSE.

THE TECHNICIAN COLLECTS  
THE COFFEE AND MOVES BACK  
TO THE COMPUTER ROOM,  
SIPPING AT IT ON THE  
WAY)



16. INT. THE PHAROS COMPUTER  
ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE TECHNICIAN ENTERS  
AND MOVES ACROSS TO THE  
CONSOLE.

THE MASTER AND THE DOCTOR  
STAND IN THE SHADOWS  
BEHIND THE CORINTHIAN  
COLUMN.

THE MASTER RAISES AN  
UNPLEASANT-LOOKING WEAPON  
AND LEVELS IT AT THE  
TECHNICIAN)

DOCTOR: (IN A FIERCE WHISPER)  
No!

MASTER: Would you care to  
explain our presence then?

DOCTOR: Hmm. Put it on "Stun"  
then.

MASTER: (WITH A SNEER) Stun!  
My Tissue Compression Eliminator  
isn't equipped with "Stun".

DOCTOR: (TAKING IT FROM HIM)  
You'd be surprised.

THE DOCTOR MOVES OFF AS  
TEGAN APPEARS BESIDE THE  
MASTER. SHE IS HOLDING  
THE BUBBLE MEMORY PRINTED  
CIRCUIT BOARDS.

THEY WATCH THE DOCTOR  
CREEP UP BEHIND THE  
TECHNICIAN AND HIT HIM  
OVER THE HEAD WITH THE  
BUTT OF THE WEAPON)

TEGAN: Oh... poor little man!

(AS THE TECHNICIAN  
SLUMPS, THE MASTER RIPS  
OFF THE HEADPHONES AND  
HURLS THEM INTO THE  
WASTEPAPER BASKET)

DOCTOR: Right. Door... window  
blinds... lights... We're going  
to have to move very fast. There's  
a great deal of work to be done  
before dawn.

(THE MASTER CLOSES THE  
DOOR AND TEGAN RUNS ROUND  
DRAWING THE BLINDS.

GIVING MUCH THOUGHT TO  
THE TASK THEY ARE ABOUT  
TO EMBARK UPON, THE  
DOCTOR ABSENTLY STIRS THE  
TECHNICIAN'S COFFEE WITH  
A PENCIL AND RAISES IT TO  
HIS LIPS)

17. INT/EXT. THE TARDIS CLOISTERS.  
NO TIME.

(ADRIC AND NYSSA ARE  
WALKING SIDE BY SIDE  
ROUND THE PERIMETER)

ADRIC: When this all began the  
Doctor wanted to reconfigure the  
Tardis so that it would work  
properly, like the Master's.

NYSSA: Is there so much wrong  
with it?

ADRIC: It's getting old. Things  
often stop working for no reason.  
The Doctor's very good at coping  
with it, but it's a terrific strain  
on him.

NYSSA: Entropy again. You  
can't get away from it.

(ADRIC STOPS, LOOKING  
ACROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE  
OF THE CLOISTERS.

THE WATCHER IS PACING  
BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS,  
IN MUCH THE SAME WAY AS  
WE SAW THE DOCTOR AT THE  
BEGINNING OF THE FIRST  
EPISODE)

ADRIC: It's uncanny. From  
here... it might almost be the  
Doctor.

(IMPOSSIBLY IT SEEMS AS  
IF HE HAS OVERHEARD  
ADRIC'S WHISPERED REMARK;  
FOR THE WATCHER STOPS  
PACING AND LOOKS UP.

AND EXACTLY AS THE DOCTOR  
DID IN EPISODE ONE, THE  
WATCHER TAKES A PACE  
FORWARDS AND BECKONS TO  
ADRIC AND NYSSA ACROSS  
THE QUAD)



18. INT. THE PHAROS COMPUTER ROOM.  
NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR AND THE  
MASTER ARE UNSCREWING THE  
SIDE OF THE COMPUTER  
CONSOLE.

TEGAN HAS IMPROVISED A  
GAG OUT OF STRIPS OF THE  
TECHNICIAN'S WHITE COAT,  
AND IS TYING IT AROUND  
THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN'S  
MOUTH)

MASTER: What makes you think  
this program of the Monitor's is  
going to work, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Oh, I don't know. A  
kind of vague faith in the nature  
of things, I suppose.

MASTER: Unfortunately it is in  
the very "nature of things" for  
entropy to win. Your friends the  
Logopolitans are the ones who have  
tampered with nature.

DOCTOR: It's an age old battle,  
of course -- entropy versus  
structure. But while there's life,  
it's six of one and half a dozen of  
the other.

MASTER: Woolly thinking,  
Doctor.

DOCTOR: Very comforting, when  
worn next to the skin.

(AND SO SAYING HE LIFTS  
AWAY THE SIDE COVER,  
REVEALING THE INNARDS OF  
THE COMPUTER)

19. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.  
DAY.

(ADRIC AND NYSSA BURST  
INTO THE EMPTY ROOM)

NYSSA: At last -- something to  
do. Show me how you reset the  
co-ordinates.

(ADRIC FLICKS SWITCHES ON  
THE CONSOLE)

ADRIC: Earth is in Sector eighty  
twenty-five of the third Quadrant.  
The temporal settings are laid in  
on this panel... It always looks  
so easy when the Doctor does it.

NYSSA: What are these toggles  
for?

ADRIC: Something to do with the  
geographical fine tuning. I wonder  
what changed his mind?

NYSSA: The Watcher? It's  
uncanny -- it's as if he knows  
what's going to happen.

ADRIC: And why the Pharos  
project? We'll have to check its  
exact co-ordinates with the data  
bank. Now... (TRYING TO REMEMBER)  
...the data recall program is  
loaded like this...

(HE SETTLES IN FRONT OF THE SMALL SCREEN SET INTO THE CONSOLE AND BEGINS TO TAP AT THE KEYS.

BUT NYSSA IS NOT PAYING ATTENTION.

HER EYES HAVE LIGHTED ON THE LARGE VIEWER SCREEN, WHICH SHOWS A GLITTERING STARFIELD.

CURVED LINES, LIKE METEOROLOGICAL ISOBARS ARE MOVING SLOWLY ACROSS THE SCREEN, AND AS THEY ADVANCE, THE STARS THEY COVER DIM AND DIE, AS IF A BLACK INK BLOT WERE SPREADING ACROSS THE UNIVERSE)

NYSSA: The entropy field. It's huge now.

(ADRIC GETS UP FROM THE CONSOLE AND STANDS BESIDE HER)

ADRIC: And getting bigger every minute.

NYSSA: Is Earth on this star map?

ADRIC: Yes... but only just.

NYSSA: You mean...?



(ADRIC SMILES AND POINTS  
TO THE EDGE OF THE MAP  
FURTHEST FROM THE  
INVADING DARKNESS)

ADRIC: Not quite. Earth's  
galaxy has a few hours left.

NYSSA: And Traken?

ADRIC: (LOOKING AT THE SCREEN)  
Traken should be... Traken's...  
Traken...?

(HE REALISES BEFORE SHE  
DOES THAT IT LIES  
DIRECTLY UNDER THE  
SPREADING DARK STAIN OF  
ENTROPY)

NYSSA: I can't even see Mettula  
Orionis... (SHE TAILS OFF,  
REALISING)

ADRIC: I'm sorry, Nyssa... I'll  
switch it off.

(SHE TURNS TO SEE HIM  
REACH FOR THE APPROPRIATE  
BUTTON)

NYSSA: No! Wait! Let me look  
a minute longer.

(NYSSA STARES AT THE  
SCREEN, ABSORBING THE  
KNOWLEDGE THAT THE DEATH  
OF HER FATHER HAS BEEN

FOLLOWED BY THE  
DESTRUCTION OF HER WHOLE  
WORLD)

NYSSA: The Master killed my  
step-mother, and then my father...  
And now this! The world that I  
grew up in... blotted out forever.

(ADRIC TAKES HER HANDS IN  
HIS.

SHE LOOKS AT HIM FOR A  
MOMENT, HER EYES WET WITH  
TEARS...

THEN GENTLY RELEASING  
HERSELF FROM HIM REACHES  
OUT AND FLICKS OFF THE  
VIEWER)

NYSSA: Show me how these data  
banks work.

20. INT. PHAROS CORRIDOR. DAWN.

(TEGAN STANDS AT THE END  
OF THE CORRIDOR LOOKING  
THROUGH VENETIAN BLINDS  
DOWN INTO THE PHAROS  
PERIMETER.

SHE LETS THE BLIND FLIP  
BACK INTO POSITION AND  
DRAWS AWAY FROM THE  
WINDOW.

SHE TURNS AND WALKS  
QUICKLY TOWARDS US,  
BEFORE TURNING AND GOING  
THROUGH INTO:)

21. INT. THE PHAROS COMPUTER ROOM.  
DAWN.

(THE MASTER IS SITTING AT THE CONSOLE WHILE THE DOCTOR CROUCHES BY THE SECTION OF REMOVED PANEL JIGGLING THE CIRCUIT BOARDS, WHICH ARE NOW PLUGGED INTO THE COMPUTER'S MOTHERBOARD)

TEGAN: The dawn's coming up. There are security men moving in the area out there.

DOCTOR: Let's hope none of them are due to come up here. We can't afford any more complications. (TO THE MASTER) Any good?

MASTER: It's still not running. The program is useless.

DOCTOR: The Monitor gave his life trying to complete it. We must try to do him justice.

MASTER: This is futile, Doctor. We're intelligent men -- we both know it's time to abandon this line of reasoning. Let us start again.

DOCTOR: Start again! Of course. The program's not loading into core. Hit the reset button and reboot.

MASTER: That's not what I  
meant.

DOCTOR: Let's not argue about  
semantics, Master. Try it.

(THE MASTER DOES SO)



TELECINE 1:

Ext. The Pharos  
Enclosure. Dawn.

The DOCTOR's Tardis  
materialises discreetly  
somewhere near the  
parabolic array of the  
Pharos transmitter.

END TELECINE 1.

22. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DAY.

(ADRIC AND NYSSA ARE  
LOOKING AT THE SCREEN)

ADRIC: We'll have to be careful  
-- security guards.

NYSSA: (POINTING UP AT THE  
ANTENNA) Look!

ADRIC: Exactly like the one at  
Logopolis.

NYSSA: Except that the Earth  
people are using it to beam  
messages to the stars.

ADRIC: What the Tardis data bank  
calls a reiterated invitation to  
alien intelligences in deep space.

NYSSA: And that's us.

ADRIC: Then they should be very  
pleased to see us.

(THEY MOVE TOWARDS THE  
DOOR)

TELECINE 2:

Ext. The Pharos  
Enclosure. Dawn.

ADRIC and NYSSA emerge  
from the Tardis and run  
for cover across the  
enclosure.

END. TELECINE 2.

23. INT. THE PHAROS COMPUTER ROOM.  
DAY.

MASTER: (SURPRISED) It's running. If you can call this alien gibberish a program.

DOCTOR: We'll know once we've managed to download it onto the antenna.

(THE THREE OF THEM HEAD  
TOWARDS THE DOOR.

BUT AS TEGAN AND THE  
DOCTOR LEAVE, THE MASTER  
STOPS AND SWIFTLY STOOPS  
BESIDE THE TECHNICIAN.

HE FUMBLES IN THE WHITE  
COAT AND, CHUCKLING  
FAINTLY, TAKES OUT THE  
CASSETTE RECORDER.

CHILLINGLY WE REALISE HE  
HAS HAD "AN IDEA"!)

24. INT. A PHAROS CORRIDOR. DAY.

(THE MASTER FOLLOWS THE  
OTHERS OUT INTO THE  
CORRIDOR, SLIPPING THE  
CASSETTE MACHINE INTO HIS  
POCKET.

THE DOCTOR MOVES SWIFTLY  
TO THE WINDOW AT THE FAR  
END AND PEEPS OUT THROUGH  
THE BLINDS.

HE SEES:)



TELECINE 3:

Ext. The Pharos  
Enclosure. Day.

A HIGH ANGLE SHOT through venetian blinds: the enclosure with the Tardis tucked away in a discreet corner.

The WATCHER looks out of the Tardis. There is something proprietorial about the way he leans in the doorway.

END TELECINE 3.

25. INT. A PHAROS CORRIDOR.  
DAY.

(WITH A NOTICEABLY  
TREMBLING HAND THE DOCTOR  
LETS THE BLIND GO AND,  
AFTER A MOMENT TO COLLECT  
HIMSELF, TURNS TO THE  
MASTER AND TEGAN)

DOCTOR: This is going to need  
split second timing. We've got to  
get across to the antenna control  
room and re-align it on whatever's  
left of Logopolis. That way we  
should be near enough to that CVE  
the Monitor was trying to re-open.  
(TO THE MASTER) You agree.

MASTER: Good.

TEGAN: I agree too, for what  
it's worth.

DOCTOR: Follow me. And  
carefully.

TELECINE 4:

Ext. The Pharos  
Enclosure. Day.

The DOCTOR, the MASTER and TEGAN slip out of a door and run across an open space to the cover of a row of huts, where they press themselves up against the wall while three WORKMEN go by.

We follow the WORKMEN round the building and find ADRIC and NYSSA concealed against another wall. The WORKMEN pass by without noticing them.

The DOCTOR looks across the open ground to the Antenna, mounted on a cluster of girders and gantries. It seems a very long way away.

A car sounds its horn outside the Main Gate. Two SECURITY MEN open the gate and the car rolls in slowly towards the DOCTOR and his party, cutting off their direct route to the Antenna.

The DOCTOR ducks back against the wall, but behind him the MASTER pulls out his Tissue Compression Eliminator.

The DOCTOR notices the movement, and turns as

the MASTER is about to fire.

DOCTOR: No!

The DOCTOR grabs at the weapon.

But the SECURITY MEN have been alerted by the cry.

SECURITY MAN:  
Intruders. Come on,  
after them!

They give chase as the DOCTOR, the MASTER and TEGAN head back the way they came.

The three WORKMEN reappear and run straight into the three fugitives.

The WORKMEN make a grab for the DOCTOR's party. In a tangle of limbs the MASTER draws his weapon and manages to dispose of one of the WORKMEN before the DOCTOR grabs it from him and hurls it away.

ADRIC and NYSSA are watching this from cover some distance away.

ADRIC: Now!

NYSSA shakes her head and pulls him back.

The two SECURITY MEN come pounding up to the scene only seconds after the DOCTOR, the MASTER and TEGAN have managed to slip away.

We see the DOCTOR and party getting their breath back nearby in a perilously enclosed cul-de-sac between the huts.

SECURITY MAN: Down that way. Three of them.

The two SECURITY MEN move slowly now, as if sensing their quarry is nearby.

ADRIC and NYSSA watch. From their angle of view they can see the SECURITY MEN and the DOCTOR's party.

It seems inevitable that the SECURITY MEN are about to trap the DOCTOR's party.

The MASTER cowers back behind a water barrel.

MASTER: (HISSING AT THE DOCTOR) Sentimental fool. Thanks to you we're weaponless.

TEGAN moves forwards to the edge of the building and sees the SECURITY MEN advancing.



NYSSA turns to ADRIC.

NYSSA: Now!

ADRIC and NYSSA move out into the open.

At the same time TEGAN decides to step forwards.

The result is total confusion.

TEGAN: (TO THE SECURITY MEN) Look here, you three, you've got all this totally topsy-turvy. The Doctor's here to help, and if you stop him it could be the last thing you'll ever do. (AS ADRIC AND NYSSA APPEAR) What are you two doing here?

ADRIC addresses the SECURITY MEN while NYSSA signals to TEGAN to stay quiet.

ADRIC: Nyssa and I have heard your message across the Universe and have come to answer your call.

SECURITY MAN: Message? What? Who are you people?

NYSSA: We are the  
alien beings you seek.

ADRIC: We are  
intelligences from deep  
space.

NYSSA: Adric's from a  
different universe  
altogether.

SECURITY MAN:  
(COMPLETELY OUT OF HIS  
DEPTH) Now just a  
minute... Please!

TEGAN: (TOPPING ALL  
THIS) Every word of it's  
true. Well, come on, you  
lot! Don't just stand  
about. Let's go and see  
someone in authority!

The DOCTOR and the MASTER  
take the opportunity this  
diversion offers.

The MASTER runs out from  
cover and disappears from  
sight.

The DOCTOR runs along  
toward the antenna.

The MASTER is scanning  
the ground, and seems to  
be running the absurd  
risk of being seen by the  
SECURITY MEN. At last he  
finds what he is looking  
for -- the Tissue  
Compression Eliminator.  
He scoops it up and,

concealing it about his person, races off after the DOCTOR.

The DOCTOR and the MASTER arrive together at the base of the antenna and begin to climb its steel steps.

On the opposite side of the enclosure TEGAN, ADRIC and NYSSA are being escorted into the building by a posse comprising the two SECURITY MEN and the two remaining WORKMEN.

The WATCHER notes both activities from the door of the Tardis, then retreats inside.

The door closes behind him.

END TELECINE 4.

26. MODEL SHOT. THE PHAROS ANTENNA.  
DAY.

(THE PARABOLIC ANTENNA  
BEGINS TO TURN)

27. INT. THE ANTENNA CONTROL ROOM.  
DAY.

(A SMALL  
INSTRUMENT-CLUTTERED  
ROOM, BY NO MEANS  
MODERN.

IT SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN  
SEVERAL DIFFERENT TURNS  
IN ITS LIFE-TIME:  
LITERALLY, BECAUSE IT  
REVOLVES WITH THE  
PARABOLIC ANTENNA; AND  
HISTORICALLY, AS IT HAS  
BEEN IN ITS TIME THE  
"HELM" OF A RADIO  
TELESCOPE, THEN PART OF A  
RADAR DEFENSE SYSTEM,  
BEFORE BECOMING THE  
PHAROS TRANSMISSION  
CENTRE.

THE DOCTOR IS WORKING THE  
CONTROLS THAT TURN THE  
ANTENNA WHILE THE MASTER  
WATCHES A PORTABLE VDU  
RIGGED UP ON THE  
WORKBENCH.

THE DISPLAY SHOWS A  
PICTURE SIMILAR TO THE  
BLOTTED STAR FIELD WE SAW  
IN THE TARDIS, BUT THE  
PATCH OF DARKNESS HAS  
SPREAD MUCH FURTHER NOW)

MASTER: Stop! Lock off.



(THE DOCTOR OPERATES THE  
CONTROLS, THEN TURNS TO  
STUDY A TANGLE OF CABLES  
RUNNING ACROSS THE WALL)

DOCTOR: Now to find the feed  
from the computer room.

(WITH A GLANCE AT THE  
DOCTOR, THE MASTER  
STROLLS CASUALLY OUT OF  
THE CONTROL ROOM ONTO:)

TELECINE 5:

Ext. The Pharos Antenna  
Parapet. Day. (t/c 5a)

The walkway that leads to  
the parabolic face of the  
antenna.

The MASTER looks down  
over the rail to the  
enclosure far below.

He sees:

Ext. The Pharos  
Enclosure. Day. (t/c  
5b)

A flurry of activity as  
the establishment begins  
its working day.

Ext. The Pharos Antenna  
Parapet. Day. (t/c 5c)

The MASTER smiles to himself.

MASTER: Alien intelligences! I'll show them the quality of alien intelligence.

And from his pocket he takes his looted cassette recorder and, softly in order to avoid alerting the DOCTOR in the room behind him, begins to speak into it.

MASTER: Peoples of the universe. Please attend carefully. The message that follows is vital to the future of all of you....

END TELECINE 5.

28. INT. THE ANTENNA CONTROL ROOM.  
DAY.

(THE DOCTOR HAS TAPPED  
THE CABLES, PATCHING ONE  
OF THEM INTO THE  
CONSOLE.

HE IS NOW STUDYING THE  
VDU EXCITEDLY.

AS HE REACHES OUT TO MAKE  
A DELICATE ADJUSTMENT TO  
ONE OF THE DIALS, THE  
MASTER ENTERS FROM THE  
PARAPET)

DOCTOR: The data's reached the  
CVE. It's stabilising.

MASTER: So it works!  
Congratulations, Doctor. I always  
knew you would do it.

DOCTOR: We did it together.

MASTER: Oh no... I was little  
more than a humble observer. I  
have learnt a great deal. And now  
it is time for you to go and  
explain the presence of your  
friends. There's quite a hubbub  
outside.

DOCTOR: Quite right. We'd  
better leave this until the new  
equilibrium is established. A  
mistake now could destroy  
everything.

MASTER: I know that, Doctor.  
And it could happen so easily.

DOCTOR: (COMING SLOWLY BACK INTO  
THE ROOM) What do you mean...?

MASTER: The universe is hanging  
on a thread. A single high-tension  
pulse down that cable and the CVE  
would close forever. Even a humble  
observer could do it.

(THE MASTER TAKES OUT THE  
CASSETTE MACHINE AND  
PLACES IT ON THE CONSOLE  
IN FRONT OF THE  
MICROPHONE.)

HE ACTIVATES A BUTTON,  
AND IT BEGINS TO PLAY)

MASTER: (VOICE OVER; ON  
CASSETTE) Peoples of the universe.  
Please attend carefully. The  
message that follows is vital to  
the future of all of you....  
At the time of speaking the fate of  
the universe hangs in the balance,  
and the fulcrum of that balance is  
the Pharos Project on Earth. It is  
from there that I am speaking. The  
choice for you all is simple: a  
continued existence under my  
guidance, or total annihilation...

DOCTOR: (SPEAKING OVER THIS)  
Blackmail.

MASTER: No, Doctor. I am simply  
reporting the state of affairs. I  
have the power now to save them or  
destroy them.



DOCTOR: You're utterly mad.

MASTER: (PULLING OUT HIS WEAPON)  
Back, Doctor. We cannot have the  
proceedings interrupted.

(THE MASTER TAKES OUT THE  
SILVER BOX WE SAW ON  
LOGOPOLIS AND PLUGS IT  
INTO THE CONSOLE)

MASTER: Now the CVE is mine,  
Doctor.

DOCTOR: (BACKING AWAY) Only as  
long as that cable holds. There's  
one way to stop you...

(AND HE QUICKLY SLIPS OUT  
ONTO:)

TELECINE 6:

Ext. The Pharos Antenna  
Parapet. Day. (t/c 6a)

The DOCTOR backs out onto the parapet and looks along the walkway towards the antenna.

Leaving the cassette to relay its evil message the MASTER follows him outside.

MASTER: Don't make any plans, Doctor. Your future ends here.

The MASTER levels his weapon, but the DOCTOR runs along the parapet and manages to duck as the MASTER fires.

The MASTER advances along the parapet.

The DOCTOR jumps him, and they struggle for the weapon.

Ext. The Pharos  
Enclosure. Day. (t/c  
6b)

TEGAN, NYSSA and ADRIC  
are being marched out of  
the building when all  
eyes look up to see the  
struggle on the parapet.

SECURITY MAN: (TO THE  
OTHER) Up there! Come  
on!

The two SECURITY MEN set  
off at a trot towards the  
antenna.

Ext. The Pharos Antenna  
Parapet. Day. (t/c 6c)

The MASTER shakes off the DOCTOR and levels the weapon at him.

The DOCTOR backs away and begins tugging at the high voltage cable that connects the antenna to the control room.

MASTER: Get away from there, Doctor!

DOCTOR: If you fire you'll split the cable.

MASTER: (INFURIATED)  
How dare you interfere!

The MASTER dives for the DOCTOR, and tries to put the Tissue Compression Eliminator against his head.

But the DOCTOR's hand locks around the MASTER's wrist.

Together they rock back and forwards, perilously near the edge of the parapet, hanging onto the cable for stability.

Suddenly the weapon goes flying.

The cable comes away in a

flurry of sparks,  
throwing the MASTER  
across the walkway and  
into the arms of the  
advancing SECURITY men.

SECURITY MAN: You hold  
him. I'll get the other  
one.

But as he advances on the  
still sparking broken  
cable he sees that it now  
leads over the parapet.

Looking down, we see the  
DOCTOR as a crumbled heap  
on the ground below.



Ext. The Pharos  
Enclosure. Day. (t/c  
6d)

ADRIC, NYSSA and TEGAN  
run to the DOCTOR, but he  
turns feebly and motions  
to them to stay back.

DOCTOR: This is the  
end... But the moment  
has been prepared for.

As the onlookers watch in  
amazement we see the  
MASTER take the  
opportunity to shake  
himself loose from the  
SECURITY MEN and slip  
into the main building.

The translucent WATCHER,  
his features vague in the  
shadows, stands behind  
the DOCTOR, who reaches  
up a hand to him.

END TELECINE 6.



29. INT. THE PHAROS COMPUTER ROOM.  
DAY.

(THE MASTER HURRIES IN  
AND SLIPS INTO HIS FLUTED  
COLUMN OF A TARDIS.

IT DEMATERIALISES)

TELECINE 7:

Ext. The Pharos  
Enclosure. Day.

And the familiar face of  
the DOCTOR is  
dematerialising too. The  
figure behind the DOCTOR  
steps in towards him.

TEGAN: The Doctor --  
what's happening to him?

The figure of the WATCHER  
seems to melt into the  
DOCTOR. The face becomes  
formless.

ADRIC: He's  
changing... The  
Watcher.

NYSSA: So he was the  
Doctor all the time...!

The edges of the DOCTOR  
and the WATCHER merge  
into a blur.

END TELECINE 7.

TELECINE 35mm

Suppose Cam

Closing  
Titles

END TELECINE 35mm